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Title: Vision Log

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The vision began in  
Moonglow. I stood facing  
  
the Archmage Graypaw.

We were on top of what  
I recognized as his  
tower.

We began to do battle,  
and as he began to cast  
one of his overly  
intricate Archmage spells,  
Edda appeared behind him,  
covered his mouth, and  
delivered a crippling blow  
to his spine, rendering  
him paralyzed from the  
neck down. I quickly  
opened a moongate to the  
top of Charnell Hill,  
where he would not be  
able to feed off the  
power of his island. We  
dragged him through,  
removed his clothing, and  
chained him to one of  
the pillars atop the hill.  
I calmly explained to him  
that it was here that he  
would meet oblivion, but  
that he would have to  
wait. First he would be  
made to endure torture  
more horrifying than  
anything he had  
experienced in his long  
years. All of this was  
strangely calm. Edda and  
I proceeded with in an  
unemotional manner,  
hearts cold as the death  
knights'. She used her  
graceful knife skills to  
carve runes into his body,  
and I informed him that  
he would soon be fed  
upon by the vermin of  
Umbra. We at first

produced several rats  
from our pockets, and  
made them sniff and  
nibble at his flesh. As  
time went on, more rats  
were made to come join  
the feast, at first from  
the woods, then from  
cracks in the rocks of  
Charnell Hill, and  
eventually they began  
falling from the sky and  
swarming up the hill.  
Graypaw cried out in  
pain as they scratched  
and gnawed at him,  
tearing at his eyes and  
leaving their feces in his  
mouth. After a while, I  
walked up to him and  
whispered some  
incantations, and his flesh  
began to burn and boil as  
flames sprung from the  
ground around him. He  
was made to suffer both  
the ravenous hunger of  
the rats and the melting  
of his flesh many times  
over, until his spirit was  
utterly crushed and  
beyond repair. After our  
final act of illusionary  
torture, Edda calmly  
handed me her blade, and  
I thrust it into his  
chest, proceeding to tear  
out his heart. He soon  
succumbed to the peaceful  
embrace of Oblivion. I  
was not surprised by the  
images that were  
produced, but it was  
intriguing that both Edda  
and I were purely  
mechanical in our efforts,  
showing no sign of the  
passions or emotions.